THE COMMONWEAL

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THE CHURCH AND THE CRISIS

THE RECENT letter of the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, Archbishop Cicognani, dealing with the "Statement on the Present Crisis," issued by the bishops of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, addressed to the chairman of that committee, Archbishop Hanna, marks one more highly important development of the great crusade for social justice which is being promoted by the Church in the United States. In combination with other events, some of which we shall mention in this article, this direct proof that the representative of the Holy See is strongly encouraging and keenly watching this movement will be of inestimable benefit to those who are its pioneers, upon whom rests the burden of recruiting and organizing the volunteers who are answering the call to enlist in the ranks of the army. It was to be taken for granted that the Apostolic Delegate would take such action, for of course he knows how desirous the Holy Father is to have the bishops and priests and the laity coöperate to attempt the realization of the great ideals set forth by him in his encyclicals.

Indeed, it was a plain act of duty for Archbishop Cicognani thus to recognize and to encourage the leaders of the Church in the United States when they gave to their people such positive instruction, and practical advice, in relation to Catholic Action in the present crisis. But it was more than a sense of duty that motivated the Apostolic Delegate. He is no recent convert to the gospel of social justice. It is a subject to which for many years he has given deep thought and study. In the midst of the World War, which in addition to bringing to humanity almost intolerable burdens and losses at the time of its occurrence, sowed the evil seeds of the entangled problems which face the world today, Archbishop (or Monsignor, as he then was) Cicognani wrote a book, entitled "The Great Commandment of the Gospel," which is a very important contribution to the modern literature of Catholic Action. It is a study, in particular, of the early Church, and of the devotion to the fundamental Christian law of charity, the indispensable concomitant of the principle and law of justice. Neither law can be isolated and applied in action without causing spiri-

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tual, moral and economic disharmony and distress. It is from the solid foundation of such a study, that the representative of the Holy See regards the statement of the American bishops, and gives it the full backing of his personal as well as his official authority. It makes clear how important is the point upon which in this paper we have so often insisted, namely, the necessity of hard, continuous, practical study of the teachings of the Church. Mere inner assent to such teachings will not suffice. Lip service is not enough. And this view is stressed in the delegate's letter:

"The bishops' statement makes clear the position of the Church on the many difficult problems of our times. All classes but especially the poor have borne heavy burdens during the trying years of the crisis.

"It is my earnest hope that every practical measure will be taken to acquaint all our Catholic people with the pronouncement of the bishops so that they may realize more fully that the Church has very definite teachings and a fixed code of morals on the many vital questions engaging public attention today. The more the Catholic position is known, the greater will be the love for the Church as the champion of the principles of justice and charity, principles which our Holy Father has recently expounded to the world with such force and clearness in the 'Quadragesimo Anno.'

"The Catholic press can be counted on through its columns, I am sure, to give wide publicity to the statement not merely by reprinting it, but also by editorial comment and articles that will continue to sustain the interest of the people in the problems and remedies proposed. Publishers of Catholic pamphlets will undoubtedly make it possible for pastors to place the statement in the book rack of every Church. May the statement find its way into every home and be the subject of discussion in every family."

It is not only the Catholic press, or Catholics individually or collectively, that require this advice. What the Church teaches in regard to the principles which alone can solve our social problems has a universal importance. It is catholic in the widest sense of the word. And many thoughtful non-Catholics now recognize that fact.

It is becoming more and more certain that what the leaders of Western humanity in the epoch which closed with the war, generally speaking, considered would never happen again—namely, the reappearance of religion as a recognized, fundamental factor in world affairs—has in fact occurred. The most thoughtful observers of the Russian revolution agree that at its core is a religious emotion, or mood, strong enough to supply the driving power of Communism. It is, of course, a false religion; but false religions throughout the course of history have rivaled the true religion in their power to inspire great masses of men. At the core of the German revolution, the fanatical religion of Nordic racialism is definitely at work. And meanwhile, the struggles between historic, orthodox Protestantism and the State in Germany, and the struggles between the Catholic Church and the State in Spain and Mexico, are further proofs of the fact that underlying all political and economic problems are the fundamental concerns of religion.

The action of the Catholic Church today throughout the world, to be discerned by those who turn some of their attention from particular phases of the crisis, and look upon the whole course of it in order to discern the broad plan of the world emergency, is proceeding most plainly and powerfully. The Church is simple in this action. It puts a plain program before humanity. It says, as it has been saying for nineteen hundred years, that man cannot serve both God and mammon. Mammon is that spirit compounded of human pride, and greed, and power, the service of which has brought mankind face to face with its present crisis. Justice and charity are the weapons which the Church now holds out for humanity to grasp and use against the universal enemies of mankind. No other plan can bring the crisis to a solution that will be tolerable.

WEEK BY WEEK

RUMORS of imminent war in Europe precipitated by some intransigent act of the German government, are not to be taken too seriously, we believe, in spite of repeated incidents of a provocative nature between Hitler's Bad Boy Scouts and citizens of neighboring countries. War of course has a way of taking shape in defiance of reason. Nevertheless there is a logic of events and circumstances which probably will control the issue. The snub which Germany gave to England and France, on their representations that German activities in Austria constituted a violation on the Four Power Pact, was balanced by the friendly assurances which Germany gave to Italy that incidents such as the dropping of leaflets from airplanes over Austria and broadcasts by radio attacking the Austrian government would be curbed. Germany is in a quandary because Italy, with which on the surface she seems to have the friendliest of relations, has realistic reasons near home for resisting Anschluss. Not only with Austria but also with Hungary, Italy has been seeking to improve her relations.

The World Struggle

GERMANY is surrounded by formidable armies, including those of the Little Entente bloc, thoroughly equipped with weapons and materials. Germany is weak in weapons. There can be no

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doubt of this, for besides the official committees delegated under the Treaty of Versailles to supervise her non-arming, one can be quite sure that the espionage services of England, France and Poland, to mention only three specifically, are keeping the governments of these countries fully informed so that secret rearming is impossible. Former Governor James M. Cox, the most recent of America's delegates to the London Economic Conference to return from Europe, characterizes any talk of Germany's having an idea she would have anything to gain by engaging in war as "silly." He said that the struggle throughout the world today is a struggle of each nation for self-containment, each nation seeking to put its own house in order and to achieve a favorable balance of trade. This latter effort may seem restrictive at present but it is being forced everywhere by banking institutions and constitutes a liquidating of a huge, cloudy, unrealistic internationalism that paid little or no attention to the fundamentals of trade balances and has left an unprecedented tangle of finances. Subsequent to this disciplining of the squads he has hopes they may be combined into something other than a Coxey's army. The one exception to the struggle for self-containment is not in Europe but in Asia. On this front there are several indications that a struggle between two major powers, Japan and Russia, might be precipitated overnight. This, however, would overtly be confined to these two powers and would not spread into a world conflict, though there would be a fanfare of conflicting protests and representations and a vulture-struggle for war profits among non-combatants. But, we believe, Russia has too profound a fear of Japan to engage in such a fight and will avoid it at almost any cost.

Straws in the Repeal Wind

THE WEEK has produced two outside testimonials of a most interesting diversity, bearing on the question of the probable repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. They come, respectively, from Scotland, the whisky country, and France, the wine and liqueur country. Leading whisky brokers of Largs, in Scotland, made public their amazement at the current jump in the United States market for their commodity. A day's figures for their concern show purchases amounting to $75,000; a week's come to almost $400,000. So unprecedented is the demand in comparison with the available normal supply, that they predict quite soberly it will exhaust Scotland's store of bonded whisky within two months. It would be fantastic to doubt, in the circumstances, that this a "hope" market, based on the expectation of speedy repeal. In France, on the other hand, M. Georges Lechartier, through the columns of a trade paper, advises vintners and cognac dealers to continue their commerce with American bootleggers. He feels, presumably, that they will continue to be stable patrons, which is to say, presumably, that there will be no repeal. However, lest any of the few drys who have not conceded repeal find in this a strengthening sign, we complete the record by reporting that the president of the old wine-importing firm of Mouquin, Inc., takes such serious issue with M. Lechartier that he is sailing to France at this present writing to set him right.

Beauties of the Liturgy

THE Pius X School of Liturgical Music continues to give concerts to distinguished audiences and to make known musical treasures of the Catholic liturgy of which the Church is the repository. This summer the choir has sung for the Columbia University summer school and also for the Juilliard School of Music. On the first occasion, the choir consisted of thirty-five girls of high school age. They sang Gregorian chants, accompanied by Mr. Achille Bragers, and polyphonic music of the old masters. The Gregorian chants ranged from the simple "Ambrosian Gloria" to the difficult "Alleluia, Multifarie." These were rendered with subtle rhythms, dynamic shading that built telling climaxes, and diction that was crystal clear. One is amazed at the breath control of the girls in the long phrases that they sing with such ease. Despite unfavorable weather conditions, the choir kept a surety of pitch that seldom wavered throughout the evening. The polyphonic numbers in two, three and four parts *a capella* showed an independent flow in each of the voices that made for a beauty of effect without sacrificing a clear understanding of the works. A national tour for the choir is being contemplated and it is to be hoped that it may be heard in several of the leading musical centers of the country.

A Good Story

THE TALENTED author, Clarence Buddington Kelland, has just produced his best story. In the manner of Sir Walter Scott, he has made it not a contribution to letters, but a chapter of his own personal history. His novels have represented ingenious entertainment, with virtue indeed correctly triumphant, but with the emphasis much more upon the movement and structure of the story than upon the moral realities involved. In this latest offering, which may be commented upon without apology, since the facts have appeared in the newspapers, the stress seems to be reversed. The outline of events is simple and even familiar: A prosperous author suffers from an attack of frozen assets, and shrunken securities—those two malignant scourges which have taken such heavy toll the last few years; a bank of which he is a director further

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gets into a bad way, the $50,000 worth of collateral which he puts up does not remain worth $50,000 long, and he, being liable for the difference and unable to pay it, goes into voluntary bankruptcy. A plain, homely tale, to repeat. But perpend. The author does not break down and enter a sanitarium; he does not even go to Majorca or one of those moderate pensions in France. He squares off and begins to saw wood, with the result that the bankruptcy claim, filed in March, was dismissed the other day, on the motion of his attorney. He and the new deal, between them, had done the trick: real estate appreciation has made him $75,000 richer already, while his trusty pen has brought in $25,000 more. The collateral is safe, the pen is still going, the creditors are paid. Pleasant reading, for hot weather or cold.

A Kempis Now and Then

THE RECENT sale of the library of Lord Rosebery, the English Prime Minister of a generation ago, had two interesting surprises. The most striking item of the auction was of course the establishment of a record high price for the first folio of Shakespeare. This was one of the twenty only perfect first folios in existence. It is nearly the last of the great privately owned copies that can be expected to come on the market, for practically all of the first folios are now held by public libraries under such conditions as precludes absolutely their ever coming under the hammer. The bid by an American which secured the treasured volume was £14,500. An even greater surprise for most people than this extraordinary price paid for the Shakespeare first folio was the bid for the first edition of Thomas a Kempis's "Imitation of Christ" of well above £500, or about $2,500. This precious first edition was published the year of a Kempis's death when he was over ninety years of age. It is probable that he never saw it. He was a man who practised what he preached and one of his famous apothegms is, "Love to be unknown." He did so well what he taught that it is only in very recent years that his authorship of the "Imitation of Christ" has been established with absolute assurance. It is easy to understand what a very great surprise it would be to him had he been brought to the anticipation in any way of the fact that, more than five hundred years after his little book was written, the bibliophiles of the world were bidding high prices for it to bring it to a land that no one knew anything about at that time, for America was not to be discovered until the next generation. A Kempis himself said that he wrote his little book to be read thoughtfully in an inglenook.

FORTUNATELY we have in the great Vollbehr collection of incunabula recently purchased for the Library of Congress another copy of this precious first edition of a Kempis. We needed it if for no other reason than to compensate the kind old Augustinian monk for the stigma placed upon his name in the early colonial days in Massachusetts. The Records of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay under date of May 19, 1669, has the following minute: "The Court [the legislature of the colony was called the General Court] being informed that there is now in the presse reprinting a booke tit [entitled] Imitacons of Christ or to yt purpose written by Thomas a Kempis, a popish minister, wherein is conteyned some things that are less safe to be infused among the people of this place, doe comend it to the licensers of the presse the more full revisal thereof & that in the meane time there be no further progresse in that worke." It is not surprising that with this piece of prohibitive legislation hanging over it the announced edition seems not to have been issued, though in other colonies some six editions of a Kempis were published before the Revolution. In spite of Puritan intolerance, a Kempis has gone on as the favorite reading of a great many serious-minded people. It is probably still true to say, as it has been for centuries, that this is the most read book after the Bible. No wonder then that this first edition at the Rosebery sale was so prized.

The Uses of Mint

A LITTLE news item from Port Chester, New York, forces the judicious reader amusedly to divide the credit for an encounter between the distinguished ex-Commissioner of Police and an anonymous but large-scale brewer of illicit liquid cheer. Mr. Mulrooney, always the relentless foe of bootleggers, perhaps gets the decision by a shade, since it was he who informed the authorities of the presence of a sizable still in Port Chester, hitherto unsuspected, which they have now closed. He rates marks for consistency in principle and unwavering assiduity toward an important public duty, and also for the determination or intuition (it remains a mystery which) that put him in possession of the facts by which he set the raid in motion. But as Plato pointed out, different callings demand different virtues; and this bootlegger had the virtue of his kind, resource in law-evasion, to a degree that 'twere niggardly not to admire. He realized that the one thing you cannot disguise is the smell of distillery mash; your only hope is to overwhelm the suspicious olfactory with an even more potent odor. So he leased a large building in the very lee of a factory that makes Lifesavers, and there, encircled and protected by the aromatic breath of crushed mint, he pursued his nefarious trade. It was a poetic expedient and eke an efficient one. However Mr. Mulrooney discovered him, it was presumably not by sniffing.

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THE POWER OF CONFIDENCE

IN THE midst of a great battle—any one of the many struggles of the World War will serve for instance—neither the mass of combatants, nor the non-combatants behind the lines with their fate involved in the struggle, pay much attention except to what is actually going on in the one, limited area of the war where the guns are roaring. Only in the headquarters of the commanders-in-chief, or the general staffs, is an effort made—only there is it possible to make such an effort—to judge the battle, and all similar battles, in relation to the campaign as a whole. The war correspondents attempt to do so, at least occasionally; but having only partial, or censored, or propaganda news at their disposal, their best judgments usually are merely guess-work. Nor are matters very much better even at the military headquarters, or the headquarters of the political rulers behind the military lines. We need only remember back into the dark days of the World War to be reminded how the leaders of the nations, and the journalists and politicians who attempted to enlighten and guide the peoples involved in the war, over and over again were deceived, or confused, or blundered badly in their estimates of the fortunes of the war, and judgments as to its outcome.

We are in much the same situation today, in regard to the economic, political and social crisis of the world. Events occur with bewildering rapidity. Special problems arise—as separate battles occurred in the war—which must be dealt with to the exclusion, or at least the partial neglect, of all other issues. On the day on which we are writing, for example, the newspapers are thronged with such events and problems, and so absorbing is the interest they create, and so necessary are the efforts being put forth to deal with them, that a whole multitude of other events and similar problems are crowded out of sight. Yet they are not eliminated. Tomorrow, or the next day, they will appear again, and new complications as well. For example, the newspapers of today announce that what is regarded as a settlement of the long-standing Haitian problem has been reached. The United States marines will be withdrawn next year. The accord covers the financial relations of the American and Haitian governments. And it is expected generally to improve the friendly relations existing between the United States and all the Central and South American countries. Such an improvement, of course, is vitally important for aiding the United States in its own domestic recovery, and that again is necessarily a factor in world recovery. This is good news. But other and heavier headlines relate the sinister happenings in Cuba, where the general strike, marked by extreme violence, may flare up at any hour with a great revolutionary uprising, which may possibly compel the intervention of the United States. If that event should occur, what effect would it have upon the future relations of this country with its southern neighbors?

A score of other complications are revealed or suggested by other news despatches of today; and yesterday it was the same, and tomorrow it will happen again. While our own internal recovery program proceeds with reports of its acceptance from all parts of the country, wages rising, and men going back to work, other headlines report threats of an outlaw strike against the agreement reached by the regular labor union leaders, the coal operators, and the government, in Pennsylvania. The efforts of the British, French and Italian governments to induce the Nazi government of Germany to desist in its pressure policy in Austria, are brusquely denied by Hitler. And so it goes, all along the world-encircling front of the universal crisis. Who is sufficiently well-informed and, if well-informed, in possession of the wisdom adequate to judge the crisis as a whole?

We do not write, however, in pessimism, still less in despair. In our own country, at least, and to some degree in many other countries as well, it cannot be doubted that, underlying all the events and problems which are in some degree measurable, and objectively apparent, there is a reawakened, perhaps intangible, yet nevertheless very real and powerful spirit of confidence, of hope, of determination to win through not only each separate battle, but the whole campaign, no matter how arduous or prolonged it may prove to be.

This is a fact as much as any other of the facts which are the basis of our talk, and of our newspaper reports. And for Catholics—indeed for all who retain, or who are regaining, as millions of souls today are regaining, faith in spiritual and moral principles—there is a further source of consolation in the fact that the Church is putting forth, in the midst of the world crisis, mighty efforts which are for the strengthening and the enheartening of humanity. The signs of this vigorous Catholic Action are not, of course, for the most part, of the sort which call for reporting and comment by the secular press. Generally speaking, it is only when the Church is in trouble, as in Spain, or during the crisis which led up to the concordat with Nazi Germany, that the world pays special attention to the Church. But anybody who relies chiefly upon the kaleidoscopic picture of the world presented by the secular press in order to form opinions as to the progress of the world crisis, will not, and cannot, arrive at a vision of the truth concerning that crisis; nor can he know how that truth may be applied to solving the crisis. To gain that vision he must turn his attention from the confusion of secular problems to a study of the action of the Church.

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RESURGENT NATIONALISM

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

Mr. McKee here has attempted a comprehensive review of developments which many have been contemplating piecemeal from day to day with a growing appreciation that a new American policy was in the making. As he concludes, self-sufficiency does not preclude international coöperation. In fact, giving truly representative expression to the frequently expressed will of the people, may allay their fears of being sold out by their representatives and encourage a national sense of international responsibilities.—The Editors.

HEADING the first Democratic administration since that of Woodrow Wilson, whose international policies clashed so disastrously for the party with the prevailing mood of national self-sufficiency, President Roosevelt has charted a course in his foreign relations that reflects the nationalism which is again moving to the full tide among his countrymen today.

In the White House statement issued in acknowledgment of the payment of $10,000,000 on the amount due under the debt funding agreements, Mr. Roosevelt pointedly reminded His Majesty's government that Congress and Congress alone has the authority to alter the amount and the method of the payment of the debt. Cancellationists and revisionists on both sides of the Atlantic have found scant comfort in his declaration, for if Mr. Roosevelt intends to wipe the debt slate clean, his words give no hint that he has any such plan in mind. In executing his mandates at London, the American delegation has resisted a currency stabilization that will check the upward movement of commodity prices in the United States, and has refused to make any commitments that might arrest, or slow the pace of, the revival of business under the National Recovery Act and the other emergency pieces of legislation that form the spearhead of the Roosevelt drive to rout the forces of the depression. It is an aggressive leadership that has taken charge of our foreign policies in Washington; a leadership, plainly enough, that considers America incontrovertibly first.

Unlike Woodrow Wilson in his gallant but unsuccessful fight to carry the United States into the League of Nations, President Roosevelt, in his foreign policies, proposes to keep himself in line with the trend of public opinion on this side of the Atlantic. International experimentation will not be permitted to jeopardize the domestic program on which the political future of the President necessarily depends. Though it often lags notoriously behind public opinion, as it did on prohibition, Congress undoubtedly mirrors the point of view of the "plain people" as distinguished from the "intellectuals" and the "intelligentsia" in resisting any move that would saddle on the American taxpayer the war debts, amounting to $10,000,000,000 or more. Default, or "token" payments on such a basis as the payment made by Great Britain, will transfer the account to the American taxpayer, but it will not be transferred by the votes of congressmen. With a Federal Treasury that has been desperately in the red for several years, with increased taxes added to the burdensome levies already on the statute books, with unemployment relief, both national and local, exacting a large part of the surplus cash of those now employed, with hundreds of thousands of war pensioners shortly to go off the rolls, or facing a drastic cut in their compensation, neither among congressmen, nor their constituents, can any substantial support be obtained for the cancellation of the war debts, or a heavy revision downward, which is nearly its equivalent, without the grant by the debtors of some compensating benefits to the United States.

President Roosevelt has frankly recognized the realities of the situation. If we are to move toward cancellation, much educational and missionary work must be done, and the President, if he is to take the lead in such a campaign, can only hope for success if he places revision squarely on the ground of American self-interest, and even at that he cannot be sure of the outcome. His statement on the payment by Great Britain is important not only as a declaration of administration policy on the war debts but it is important also in that it shows that he does not intend, at this time, to precipitate a contest with Congress over an issue on which many congressmen, because of the attitude of their constituents, might refuse to follow his leadership, an issue, furthermore, that will offer the Republican opposition, now wofully short of ammunition, a ready target for their artillery. By inviting the British government to make representations concerning the entire debt settlement, the President has taken a step that before many weeks should show whether Great Britain really has in mind cancellation, as many other debtors apparently do, or a readjustment that will bring the schedules into her present payment capacity.

If President Roosevelt has declined for the moment to make himself the champion of the debt cancellationists, he has likewise refused to embark upon a policy of international experimentation, even to ask Congress for authority to carry out the tariff plank in the Democratic platform. In March and April, his administration had yet to

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show its hand in foreign affairs. Representatives of several score foreign governments came to the White House at the invitation of the Chief Executive, to discuss with him their own economic problems, and those of the world. An ambitious program was prepared for the American delegation to the London Conference, captained by Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, long an advocate of lower tariffs. In his initial speech at London Mr. Hull delivered a sharp attack on economic nationalism, which as practised since the war, he told the conference, "comprises every known method of obstructing international capital and trade, such as high tariffs, quotas, embargoes, exchange restrictions and depreciated currencies."

Here in the United States, meanwhile, the President had ordered full steam ahead on the gigantic recovery program. Higher commodity prices, increased car loadings, the reëmployment of millions of jobless, factories working overtime that were idle three months ago—all speak eloquently of the success of the recovery program. For the first time in three years, employers and employees, the professional and the salaried man, began to look hopefully to the future, as they took the readings of the economic barometer. A vast and enormously significant change took place in national psychology. No longer did the hopes of the American people seem to hinge on the deliberations and decisions of the London Conference, but rather on the continued progress of the domestic recovery efforts. Administration officials were quick to sense the change in popular psychology, and proceeded immediately to place prime emphasis on the domestic program, and modify the original instructions to the delegates at London. Foreign trade became relatively less important as American industry proceeded, under the direction of General Hugh S. Johnson, administrator for the Recovery Act, to increase employment, frame its codes of fair competition and expand national buying power.

The Roosevelt administration acted quickly to call home most of the foreign trade experts who have been stationed abroad to help, as trade scouts, to find more business for American exporters. Their recall may be regarded as one of the straws showing the direction of the prevailing winds. More than one competent economist has argued that foreign trade, for the United States, is rather a by-product of prosperity, than one of the causes. President Roosevelt and his advisers have placed paramount stress on the domestic market, now that our exports which amounted to $5,241,000,000 in the boom year 1929, have fallen to but $1,611,000,000 in 1932. Trade barriers, exchange restrictions, and import quotas offer little hope that our exports, in the near future, can reach the 1929 levels. Having now the power to regulate industry, and control production, the federal government may be able to gear the output of American factories to the needs of the domestic market, thus preventing the overproduction that a few years back provided the major impetus to the drive for foreign trade and the combing of foreign markets for a place for the products of American factories. The language of the Industrial Recovery Act itself clearly enough illustrates the purpose of the new deal to fortify the domestic market, and protect it from foreign competition. In section three, paragraph E, Congress has directed the President, whenever imports menace domestic articles produced under the fair trade industrial codes, to place them under license and specify the quantities to be admitted and the fees to be levied. The President may even go so far as to forbid their importation, if this should be necessary to protect the American producers.

President Roosevelt, in a word, proposes to give the National Recovery Act and related measures a full degree of protection. Not only does the administration intend to protect the fair trade industrial codes by checking the menace of foreign imports, but it plans likewise to place a processing tax on foreign imports when a processing tax applies on the similar domestic article. "Economic nationalism," some of our foreign critics may say. To this, spokesmen for the Roosevelt administration reply in effect, "Not at all. We are trying to protect the American standard of living, to eliminate the sweat-shop, and put an end to unemployment. Do the same in your countries, and you will not only be able to ship your imports here, on a fair basis of competition with our products, but in so doing you will help to raise the level of world prosperity by increasing its buying power."

Other moves of the new administration reflect the same trend toward nationalism. To note one conspicuous illustration. As a measure for reëmployment and stimulation of industry, it has ordered the construction of thirty-seven much needed warships for the United States. The practical effect of this will be to bring the navy nearer to the level of the London treaty. Under Herbert C. Hoover, who labored persistently, but with little result, to bring about a lightening in the armaments of the world through international agreement, the navy was permitted to decline in relative strength, in the pious hope that the United States, by the power of example, might contribute to the cause of limitation of world armaments. Great Britain, France, Japan and Italy have kept their shipyards busy with orders for warship construction and they are busy today, and if we are to win the place on the seas to which we are entitled under existing treaties, we must build not only these thirty-seven ships but many others. Failure of Europe to prove the sincerity of its ex-

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pressed desire for a lightening of armament burdens by insisting on substantial achievement at the Disarmament Conference may well be followed, in the light of the nationalistic trend in this country, by the construction of an American fleet second to none.

As the Roosevelt administration takes hold, and proceeds to execute its policies, both domestic and foreign, the mood of national self-sufficiency is marked, a nationalism which, if not belligerent, is none the less resolved to give primacy to American interests. In the war debts, armaments and protection of domestic recovery measures it is American self-interest that is to be the determining yardstick. Self-sufficiency does not drive out of the picture the possibility of international coöperation, where this is not solely at our expense. And back of this trend, which has brought so great a change in the orientation of the Roosevelt foreign policies, lies the most powerful of national motives, the determination of a people to resist any external interference, or compulsion, in a fight to regain what it regards as a normal level of prosperity, temporarily lost.

SWEAT-SHOPS AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

By FLOYD ANDERSON

IN ANALYZING the modern scene in his great encyclical, "On the Reconstruction of the Social Order," Pope Pius XI says that "the whole economic life has become hard, cruel and relentless in a ghastly measure." And nowhere has this been more evident than in what has been called the needlework industry. Wages low beyond comprehension have been paid: in New York State women have been paid as low as $4 for a full week's work; in Pennsylvania $3 a week; in New Jersey workers have been classed as beginners and paid off with $1 a week; and in the states of Texas, South Carolina and Connecticut wages equally low or little better have been paid.

As Pope Pius XI declares:

> Very many employers treated their workers as mere tools, without any concern for the welfare of their souls; indeed, without the slightest thought of higher interests. The mind shudders if we consider the frightful perils to which the morals of workers (of boys and young men particularly), and the virtue of girls and women are exposed in modern factories. . . .

The Supreme Pontiff may not have had conditions in the United States specifically in mind when he made this statement, but its truth hits home, nevertheless.

Particularly has this been shown in recent months in Pennsylvania. The wife of the Governor of that state was so aroused by the conditions she discovered that she joined pickets in front of sweat-shop factories where employees were striking for improved working conditions and higher wages. A committee authorized by the General Assembly has been making an investigation of sweat-shops in the state, with developments showing very long hours and starvation wages, sometimes as low as $1 a week, and in a few instances even less than that. Stories of indecent treatment of young girls by employers were also placed in the record. Cases were shown where, from the employee's frightfully low earnings, $.05 was deducted to cover the cost of ice water, and another nickel for insurance. A multitude of instances could be cited to show the conditions in that state. One employer in Allentown deducted $.33 a week from the pay envelopes of his child-workers to repay a fine of $100 assessed by the state government because of his failure to carry workmen's compensation insurance. A boy in a shop in the same town got $.10 a week for a ten-week period, and some workers reported receiving $2.90 for two weeks' work. It has been said that "more than half of the men's garment industry of the state operates on a sweat-shop basis," while the cigar-making industry average of sweat-shop labor is about 70 percent, and about 85 percent of the production of men's pajamas and shirts is on a sweat-shop basis.

As a result of the work of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and with the assistance of Mrs. Pinchot, wife of the Governor, conditions have been improved in many places, with a minimum wage of $5 a week and a 10 percent increase for those who had been receiving that much previously.

The main difficulty in Pennsylvania, as in many other states, is the legislation governing the working hours and ages of children, who are allowed to go to work at fourteen if they have gone through the sixth grade of school, provided they go to extension school until they are sixteen. Also, they are allowed to work fifty-one hours a week.

Connecticut is as bad. About two years ago the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor undertook a survey of the sewing trades in the state at the request of Governor Cross. The survey covered between 60 and 65 percent of the state's wage earners in the clothing industries. A

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median wage of $12.35 a week was shown for 7,631 women, as indicated by the following table:

HOURS WORKED	NUMBER OF WOMEN	MEDIAN WAGE
Less than 36	830	$8.45
36 and less than 40	316	11.45
40 and less than 44	697	13.60
44 and less than 48	1,120	13.80
48 and less than 52	1,184	14.10
52 to 55	450	15.00
Over 55	215	16.35
Hours not reported	2,819	11.30

In considering these figures, it must be remembered that the survey was undertaken nearly two years ago, and that conditions have become much worse since then. Also, since that time, the runaway shops and the gipsy contractors, two major villains of depression, have come into the picture.

The runaway manufacturer comes into a town and rents a loft in the cheaper section. In most cases, he has been driven out of New York State because of union requirements and more stringent laws. He puts up power sewing-machines, and his material comes from New York, cut out and ready for stitching. A few signs about town, or some newspaper advertisements, bring operators to him—mostly inexperienced women and girls. The promotor of this shop tells them that at the beginning they must not expect much, but as soon as they gain experience they will receive higher wages. And so at the beginning he offers them as little as he possibly can, and works them as hard as possible. Then after two or three weeks, he disappears some night, taking his machines with him, and leaving behind him disappointed and worn-out workers who often have not even been paid the small wages promised them.

The gipsy contractor is of much the same type. He rents a few machines, locates in some small town outside of New York for the same reasons as the runaway operator, and rents an old building. His partner goes to New York City and gets orders from companies that do not assemble their own models. He then ships the material to the operator in Connecticut (or whatever state may be chosen), who uses sweat-shop methods to hurry the job through. When it is finished, everything is closed down. *Business Week* has cited a report (which it terms official) giving earnings as $.02 a day! It also says that work earning $35 to $40 a week in New York City is done in Connecticut with workers in these sweat-shops getting $6 to $8. An article in the *Nation* gives a table of wages paid in a New Haven shop where employees were paid by piece work, with a median weekly wage of $2.13. There were thirty-six girls employed in the shop, and the earning groups ran from those earning $.99 and under, to those getting $6 to $6.99.

When Frances Perkins, now Secretary of Labor at Washington, was Industrial Commissioner of New York State, she received a most pitiful letter from a girl working in a sweat-shop, which read:

> I am working at —— at ——. We have to be in at 7 a.m. work to 12 and then 1 to 5 o'clock. . . . They also refuse to tell you the prices. When you receive your slip you are marked $2.75 for five days and a half. Some received $1.78. Some $.95. You never see your working slip. . . . I have read a piece in the —— *Advertiser*. To write you in person. I hope you will be able to help the working girls of this place.

All this is the result of what Pope Pius has called giving "the free rein . . . to human avarice." And he adds:

> As a result, a much greater number than ever before, solely concerned with adding to their wealth by any means whatsoever, sought their own selfish interests above all things; they had no scruple in committing the gravest injustices against others.

It is thus gratifying, in the interests of social justice, to watch the progress of the fair-competition codes developing under the careful hand of President Roosevelt. He seems determined to bring to the workers in the United States a living, not merely an existing, wage, and decent working conditions. The fair-competition codes will probably be the most effective of various possible methods, for under the National Industrial Recovery Act the President has the power to apply stringent licensing provisions to those who do not comply with a fair-competition code agreed to under the act. He is enabled to announce publicly that no person may engage in any specified business after a certain date unless he shall have first secured a license in accordance with such regulations as the President may prescribe. And the license may be revoked for violations of its terms or conditions.

It would appear that President Roosevelt has imbibed the philosophy of Leo XIII, as expressed in his encyclical, "Rerum Novarum":

> Justice . . . demands that the interests of the working classes should be carefully watched over by the administration, so that they who contribute so largely to the advantage of the community may themselves share in the benefits which they create—that being housed, clothed, and bodily fit, they may find their life less hard and more endurable.

It is only to be regretted that forty-two years have elapsed before a great commonwealth has seen fit to follow these tenets of Pope Leo XIII, perhaps due, more than to any other factor, to the failure of the administrators of the various countries of the world to recognize the vital truth of Leo's statement that "it cannot but be good for the commonwealth to shield from misery those on whom it so largely depends for the things that it needs."

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THE DEAN OF AMERICAN ESSAYISTS

By MARY ELLEN CHASE

THE CHAIR of the American Essay is in Philadelphia, on Clinton Street of the old city. It has been gloriously occupied for forty years by Agnes Repplier who is at present denied the title of professor emeritus, even though she were ready for it, since there is no worthy successor. It is permanently endowed by the satisfaction of editors, the gratitude of college instructors of English, the delight of thousands of readers, and the envy of neophytes and novices of the essay who long to go and do likewise but who seem, alas! to be justified by faith in their ultimate possibilities rather than by works. Above it in letters of gold the creative mind and eye may easily discern "Ne plus ultra," and across its wide and high back are engraved, appropriately enough in French, "C'est l'imagination qui gouverne le genre humain."

Seventy-five years ago Agnes Repplier was born of French and Catholic ancestry in Philadelphia. Of her school life in the Sacred Heart Convent in Torresdale, Pennsylvania, no one who has read "In Our Convent Days" is ignorant. Indeed, those delectable pages stamp her, even thus early, as one of the relatively few persons in this world who can be safely entrusted with an education. She pictures herself, unconsciously enough, throughout these sketches, in which she plays a minor part, as endowed at eleven with one of the indispensable traits of the essayist, a wholesome aversion to egregious pietism.

> There was something about Annie's attitude of devotion which always gave one a distaste for piety.

She was unmistakably endowed also with other prerequisites of that aristocratic spirit which underlies and unifies the true essay: a quick, perhaps premature discrimination between rabid and harmless scholarship, between the sort which, in Louise Imogen Guiney's words, is "embossed" and that which is "enamelled" on the mind; an unquenchable buoyancy of spirit that, whether in convents or in the world, forever maketh all things new; a sense of humor that even at eleven years pierced through shams and saw things straight and clear; and an instinctive flare for the dramatic which, chronicled in the lovely tale of Marianus, the acolyte, in the stealing of the Bambino's straw, and in the sly, wise singing of a wicked song by the archbishop, "who had knocked at little girls' hearts in the devil's name," was later to bring Mère Marie to New France and send Père Marquette to a wretched yet triumphant death.

The mere occurrences of her life do not concern us here. Perhaps they have never overmuch concerned her. Since she has lived with books and thoughts as well as with men and things, her world has been the "substantial world" of Wordsworth, the "enfranchised world" of Sir Thomas Browne; and since (again in the thought of Miss Guiney) mysteries have served her turn at least as well as histories, she has not lacked, does not now lack, the rich and the abundant life. "All the world recognizes me in my book and my book in me," says Montaigne in Book III of the "Essais." And it is that very recognition of the author through her work, that still, yet savory, hunt after excellence unique and peculiar, upon which we are engaged in these paragraphs.

First, there are the literary essays, or perhaps better the essays on literature, written in the nineties, when editors had a more flattering opinion of the intellectual caliber of their readers, when the essay had not degenerated into the article, and before the undiscriminating democratic spirit and method had inculcated within us a positive dread of superiority. For these earliest essays she suggests her own formula:

> It is the hour of rapturous reading and the power of secret thinking which make for personal distinction.

That such distinction is hers, early as well as late, no one can for a moment doubt. What rapt and rapturous reading lurks in even one sentence from "Marriage in Fiction":

> That Henry Esmond should have married Lady Castlewood, or rather, that he should not have married Beatrix, I count as one of the permanent sorrows of life.

What captivating perversity of thought conceived and brought forth her inimitable list in "Books That Have Hindered Me!" To "Sanford and Merton" she can trace a moral downfall:

> My soul revolted from the pretentious virtues of honest poverty. It is to the malign influence of that tale that I owe my sneaking preference for the drones and butterflies of earth.

To "Uncle Tom's Cabin" likewise she is sadly beholden in that it caused slavery to shine "in a new and alluring light" since it bred such paragons as George, Eliza, Emmeline and Cassy. Whether she writes on "French Love Songs," on "Lord Byron's Daughter," on "Three Famous Old Maids" (Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Mitford), there is always evident a passion for reading, but for reading mellowed and completed by thought. She is the last to offend against the

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warning of Schopenhauer that he who reaches his hand for a book when the possibility of thought is upon him commits a sin against the Holy Ghost!

And who can forget "Agrippina," which might rank as a familiar essay did not its wealth of allusions place it perilously near the literary type? Unlike Boileau Miss Repplier is not content with calling *un chat un chat*. Instead her presentation of Agrippina is psychiatric; no feline trait, no impulse, no desire remains unseen. We are told of her good breeding, her irritating composure, her enviable self-sufficiency, her unfathomable reserve, her quiet malice tempered only by her never-failing humor. We are warned against attributing to Agrippina those Christian graces of humility and servitude, which the owners of dogs often accord their faithful friends. Her mistress writes:

> If I waited for Agrippina to fetch me shoes or slippers, I should have no other resource save to join as speedily as possible one of the barefooted religious orders of Italy.

But perhaps it is in the more recent essays, those of the last score of years, those bound together in such volumes as "Points of Friction," "Compromises," "Times and Tendencies," that we find Agnes Repplier most unique and indispensable. In these brisk and crisp comments on men and manners and movements she is the sane social philosopher, the humorist, the shrewd observer, the enemy of sentimentalism in all its forms, the maker of epigrams, piquant and pungent. It is in these that she for evermore delights us by quick turns of phrase, by humorous understatements, by a prose felicitous yet spirited, by a matchless genius at definition. Indeed, it is in her epigrammatic definitions that all these gifts are concentrated and that her peculiar distinction as an essayist becomes most clearly evident. In "Woman Enthroned," she says:

> Chivalry is that indistinguishable point of view which has for centuries survived its own death notices.

From "The Consolations of the Conservative" I cull her definition of stupidity as "not the prerogative of any one class or creed" but rather "heaven's free gift to men of all kinds and conditions and civilizations."

"The Cheerful Clan" is a treasure-box of definition and epigram:

> Popular optimism—the kind which is hawked about like shoestrings—is the apotheosis of superficiality.
>
> The world of thought is not one whit more tranquil than the world of action. The man whose mind to him a kingdom is wears his crown with as much uneasiness as does a reigning monarch.
>
> The early Christians seem to have lived and died with serenity, a perfect good humor, which is the highest result of the best education.
>
> To cheat ourselves intellectually that we may save ourselves spiritually is unworthy of the creature that man is meant to be.

During the last four years she has become at once a historian and a biographer, enriching American annals by her portraits of Père Marquette and of Mère Marie of the Ursulines, "always the most adventurous of nuns." These fascinating presentations of New France in the seventeenth century combine basic and careful scholarship with full and quickening narrative, never once negligent of effective and significant detail. The style is made to play its gracious and suggestive part also, to make manner and matter as one.

> In the annals of Père Marquette, short and simple as those of the poor, the rhythm of life beats evenly with uniform steadiness.

The past year provided "To Think of Tea," a series of papers built upon the convention that "English civilization rests largely upon tea and cricket." In these pages which chronicle the aromatic history of tea and the temperaments of English tea-drinkers *par excellence,* Dr. Johnson, Wellington, Hazlitt, Gladstone, Miss Repplier proves herself again a scholar with illimitable industry and patience for research. And yet here as always are the mellow understanding of men and their motives, the impeccable instinct for picturesque detail, the apposite and pertinent turn of phrase.

I saw this last book in the hands of an English don in one of the low-roofed bookstores on Trinity Street in Cambridge. He was reading it as he stood in the half-light of a mullioned window. "We have no essayist like her in England," he said to me, noting my unmistakable Americanism. "I read all her books. But you will pardon me if I say that she seems to me superior to most writers in your country."

I pardoned him readily, knowing full well that he spoke but the truth. We have no other like her. Her chair cannot be filled. The aristocratic spirit, that spirit which seeks excellence for its own bountiful sake, is born not made, unless indeed it fashions itself upon itself through long years of dedication. "I have not made my book more than my book has made me," said Montaigne again in the "Essais."

The truth of this assertion was borne in upon me somewhat more than a year ago when on a day in May I had tea in the library at Clinton Street in Philadelphia. I had not heretofore met Agnes

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Repplier in person. She wore a gown of palest grey and poured China tea into China cups as though it were the one most necessary act in all the world. She told me she kept all her own books by themselves on one topmost shelf and took great delight therein, naive as this emotion seemed to certain more complex literary associates. She described her early unquenchable passion for the theatre in sentences identical in tone to those of her convent recollections. She commented on recent New York successes in language so reminiscent of her later essays that I felt for a moment as thought she were a book in my hand, not sitting opposite me in a high-backed chair. She told me a signal story (her favorite, she said) of Saint Thomas Aquinas, which made him, propelled by her gaiety, burst from the heavy pages of his "Summa" as a far more terrestrial, simple, yes, attractive human being than I had before found or thought him. And when at last, after an indecently prolonged visit and unnumbered cups of tea, I found myself in the May twilight outside the red brick house, I recalled with no little pleasure that all of her volumes of essays are clad in palest grey!

Ecstasy

What is the poet's ecstasy? A flying.
The soul, unjessed, darts upwards, crying, crying,
The spirit flowing and the body drying.

A red leaf at a loss may cause the wonder;
A meteor's dive; the rebel hoofs of thunder;
Out of the ambush of that cloud-clump yonder;

A cock that flourishes the gift of morning;
A smack that crops the sea; a blunt calf fawning;
Nations of flowers, dew-sentinelled, at dawning;

Spring's feudal levy of bright petals drifting;
A night so still you hear the nest-birds shifting;
A southerly with all New Zealand lifting;

Any of these may bring the dream, the vision,
Clearing the sight from dimness to decision,
Outsoaring the last skymarks of derision.

There in a country where no self can blind it,
The soul goes flying with no past behind it
And neither friend nor enemy can find it.

But, even so, not its the highest soaring,
For others yet, both soul and body pouring,
Are raised above the ground in their adoring.

And sound is less than silence now and ever,
A bliss so strung the lightest word might sever.
The poet sings—the saint is dumb forever.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

PROTESTANT HOME MISSIONS

By THOMAS F. COAKLEY

IN the absence of accurate information, it has always been a matter of speculation among discerning observers, both Catholic and Protestant, whether Protestant missions among Catholic immigrants in the United States were a conspicuous success. For years many Protestant ecclesiastical leaders have been raising the question of the wisdom and the legitimacy of the entire endeavor to carry on Protestant missionary effort among Catholic immigrants.

To settle the problem definitely, the Institute of Social and Religious Research, financed largely, if not entirely, by Rockefeller money, and having its headquarters at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, has just published an important monograph. It has been compiled by Theodore Abel, and is entitled "Protestant Home Missions to Catholic Immigrants." It is the result of a survey extending over a year and a half of 150 mission centers established by various Protestant bodies among Italians, Mexicans, Czechs, Poles and Hungarians in this country. The survey covered many cities stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It indicates that the most extensive work among immigrants is done by Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists, these three denominations operating 80 percent of the mission centers that have been investigated.

Mr. Abel's illuminating volume shows that in the past fifty years between $50,000,000 and $100,000,000 have been expended by different Protestant church organizations to convert immigrant Catholics. This is no small sum to be poured out in a golden flow to convert the children of Rome to the ways of American evangelism. Mr. Abel's conclusions as to the actual result of this immense effort extending over half a century are as follows:

"The mission enterprise has failed to realize the main purpose for which it was instituted. It has failed to accomplish to any significant degree the evangelization of Catholic immigrants and their descendants, and it has not achieved the control that it sought of directing the process of their adaptation to American life. No movement toward Protestantism has taken place as a result of these missionary efforts. There has come under the influence of the Protestant church only an insignificant fraction of the total number of immigrants" (page 104).

This much of past effort; but what of the future? Here again I quote Mr. Abel's own words:

"The present status is a precarious one in view of the fact that practically none of the mission centers is self-supporting. Furthermore many of the foreign language churches have outlived their usefulness in view of the restriction in immigration and the failure of these churches to hold the young people. A policy of retrenchment may, therefore, be expected to mark the development of the enterprise in the future. The reluctance of American churches to accept recent immigrants and their children into their midst will make the carrying out of the retrenchment policy an arduous task and

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one likely to be marked by considerable loss in membership" (page 106).

Mr. Abel is no less informing when discussing the total number of converts to Protestantism in half a century as a result of the intensive campaign of Protestant missionaries among Catholic immigrants. He says:

"The most that can be claimed by American churches engaged in mission work among Catholic immigrants is a total membership of between fifty and sixty thousand. This estimated total includes, besides converts from Catholicism, the children and grandchildren of converts who have not themselves been brought up in Catholicism, and also persons of Protestant stock. Deducting these latter, we find that the number of Catholic immigrants in the present membership of American Protestant mission churches amounts to between twenty-five and thirty-five thousand" (pages 33-34).

A single evangelical missionary institution in Chicago claims an annual attendance of more than 100,000, but it is interesting to note that the membership in the church which is associated with this institution has been steadily decreasing (page 76).

These figures, continues Mr. Abel, reveal the insignificance of the Protestant accomplishment. "According to the 1930 census there were in this country nearly fifteen million people of Italian, Slav, Magyar and Spanish stock. Thus only one in three hundred immigrants from Catholic countries is a member of a Protestant mission church" (page 34).

"After fifty years of work costing between $50,000,000 and $100,000,000, not only is the endeavor discouraging, but experienced missionary workers claim it takes from eight to ten years to make an effective conversion. With Italians they cannot be sure that conversion is complete until they die, for it often happens that before death a convert will return to his former church in order to be buried in holy ground'" (page 41).

The result of it all is, continues Mr. Abel, that "very few immigrants whose religious interest is organized about the Catholic Church can be taken away from that Church" (page 43).

Various reasons are assigned for this; among them the puritanical emphasis of the evangelical religious organizations, the regimentation of behavior required by the average Protestant church, expecting the immigrant to give up such things as smoking, drinking, dancing and attendance at the theatre. No small interest attaches to Mr. Abel's statement on page 48 that the Italian immigrants are now more favorable to the Catholic Church since the signing of the Concordat with Mussolini.

Some valuable information can be gleaned by Catholics from Mr. Abel's interesting volume. A careful study of the various methods employed in attracting immigrants reveals that street meetings for evangelistic purposes are barren of converts. Neither is a house to house canvass of any value; rather it breeds ill-will in the neighborhood. So also no satisfactory results obtain from a revival meeting, nor from the widespread distribution of the Bible and other religious literature. The one and only method that obtains any measure of success is the arduous and less spectacular plan of seeking personal contacts with individual immigrants. In these personal contacts the richest harvest of new adherents comes through relief work, and to this Mr. Abel devotes considerable space. He concludes that through the avenue of relief the Protestant missionary can accomplish more in winning new converts than by all the other methods combined. It creates an attitude of appreciation for the mission and the missionary, and in the opinion of nearly all of the ministers interviewed, they considered from 60 to 80 percent of their adherents to have been gained through rendering material assistance to those who come to their mission. In thus stressing the important spiritual results which Protestant missionary undertakings derive from giving material relief to poor immigrants, we have but another illustration of the axiom that the supernatural is built upon the natural; we read in the Gospel that Christ Himself was a healer before He was a teacher.

The legitimate conclusion from this striking fact is that if Catholic priests and Catholic churches distributed material relief to poor immigrants, such as clothing, food, medical attention, shelter, and engaged in some of the multitudinous social service and recreational activities that are so characteristic of Protestant missionary endeavors among impoverished immigrants, the leakage from the Faith among them, from that source at least, would be almost entirely eliminated.

The Pilgrim

(In memory of Thomas Hughes Kelly)

I dreamt my friend had come into the room
Where I had chided him for tasks delayed,
And he, in answer to my blame, had said,

"I was a pilgrim and to many shrines—
Nay, not too many, for in each there was
A grace to be recalled to other men:

I was one chosen to recall that grace,
Although that meant 'twas often mine to watch
My hopes disperse like beach-alighting gulls.

I was a pilgrim, and though all I planned
As I went near and far has left scant trace,
The blessing that I gained is on some head.

I was a pilgrim; I had no abode—
Only the shelter that a pilgrim claims
Beside the cloister where a saint's heart lies."

The purpose that was natal marked his face,
And he was raised as with a prime of strength
That matched the bounty that was his; I knew

That he, annealing many friends, had served;
Leaving aside the things that ward our hopes,
Stark resolution and a straitened heart.

PADRAIC COLUM.

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THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Savage Gold

LIFE among the head-hunting, head-shrinking Jivero Indians of interior Ecuador ought to furnish ample material for an exciting nature epic. We are told in the introduction to "Savage Gold" that the picture is an authentic account of experiences during an expedition by Commander Dyott to discover the fate of one Schweitzer, a gold prospector who was reported lost among these savages. But what we are told is something very different from the impression created by the film itself.

It seems to me that it is asking a great deal of the credulity of audiences to expect them to accept the authenticity of scenes that must, in the nature of things, be staged. A group of three white men cannot at the same time be fleeing from a savage horde and photographing that horde in action. There is an attempt to explain this incongruity in the introduction by showing that an automatic camera was used, which could be placed at advantageous points in advance, and so get the "shots" without arousing the suspicions of the natives. But the actual pictures shown are not "shots" taken from a single camera position. The camera is turned this way and that, and is used for long and short range views in precisely the fashion of a studio instrument. And there is always that final absurdity of various views of the pursuing savages at the very instant when the trio of white men are supposed to be desperately destroying the savage's canoes and packing up their own belongings in frantic haste. To get the allegedly automatic camera, the white men would have had to go back among the bloodthirsty savages.

My point is this—that faking of nature films should be abruptly ended. There have been a number of superb records of wild life and the jungle recorded in story form, admittedly fiction, among them such classics as "The Silent Enemy," depicting the Indians of northern Canada before the arrival of the white man, "Chang," showing the struggle of an African native family against the menace of marauding herds of wild elephants, and even the picturized adventures of Trader Horn. The open admission of the producers that the scenes were staged and directed did not detract in the least from the absorbing interest of the pictures. They created the full measure of theatrical illusion as successfully as the most skilful play or modern screen story. One forgot the camera man and his trappings completely. Moreover, the frankness of the staging permitted scenes many times more thrilling than any attempts at faking "real" episodes. I recall, for example, the charge of the elephant herd in "Chang," including startling views taken from beneath the ground as the herd plunged right over the hidden camera. It was the same technique used many years before by Griffith in his "Birth of a Nation" when showing the rides of the Clansmen. But it was still enormously effective—precisely because it was staged, and not limited by having to fake a real experience of the camera man.

"Savage Gold" has neither the fascination of a simple travelogue, nor the drama of pure fiction. It is neither one thing nor the other, although it stupidly claims authenticity, and thereby insults the intelligence of a ten-year-old child. There is perhaps little use in dwelling too long on the ethics of a showmanship which attempts to draw money from a gullible public through pictorial recounting of faked dangers. In due time that sort of thing will be treated in the same fashion as the advertising of stocks and bonds with misleading "omissions." It is not only in investment activities that we need an application of the principle of *caveat vendor*. But a point which even Hollywood might be made to understand is that faked realism is vastly less good entertainment than frank fiction. There is plenty of good material in "Savage Gold" for a snorting adventure story, or enough for a thrilling travelogue. But the attempt to mix the two results in a rather nauseating dose of insincerity.

The Life of Jimmy Dolan

THE OLD simplicities, when well handled, are still capable of producing good entertainment. "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," featuring Douglas Fairbanks, jr., and Loretta Young, contains large doses of every "sure fire" and conventional theatrical trick known to the stage and screen. It knowingly uses the mortgage on the old farm, the boy who risks his life in a prize-fight to raise enough money to pay the mortgage, the idea of the "tough guy" faker reformed through meeting a sweet and unselfish girl, and even the sentimental detective who gives up the chance of a lifetime for a sensational arrest through sheer sentimentality. Yet, with the exception of one ridiculously weak point in the plot, the story is put together so simply and naturally, and with such welcome use of novel detail, that it gains rather than suffers from its use of standard material and provides honest excitement.

Jimmy Dolan wins the light-heavyweight championship. His "public" believes him a clean-living man and devoted son. But his mother is actually dead and his life is smudgy to say the least. When a reporter discovers the truth and threatens to publish the facts, Jimmy knocks him down. He falls against a sharp edge and dies. Jimmy is rushed from the scene by a man and woman who put him to bed and then rob him. They are later killed and burned in a motor accident, and the dead man is identified as Jimmy, because of a stolen wrist watch. The real Jimmy Dolan then changes his name and turns tramp, eventually arriving at a small farm, conducted by a woman and her niece for children convalescing from infantile paralysis. Jimmy works on the farm and falls in love with the niece. Then comes the mortgage episode, and Jimmy's chance to make money in a local prize-fight. There is a grave risk that his fighting will betray his identity. It does. But Jimmy has made the needed money, and the good-hearted detective, learning the truth, pretends to have made a mistake. It is all very trite in outline, but the details are handled with effective sincerity, especially the children on the health farm and their adoration of Jimmy. The one weakness in the plot is obvious—no one ever misses the man who robbed Jimmy and was later killed.

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COMMUNICATIONS

AT LOURDES

Lourdes, France.

TO the Editor: Those of your readers who know and love Lourdes, or those devotees of Our Blessed Mother with a natural interest in a place so specially chosen by her, will perhaps want to know something of the celebration on July 16 of the seventy-fifth anniversary of her apparitions at Lourdes.

I had joined the Dominican pilgrimage leaving New York on July 5, so as to be in Lourdes on that great day. I was indeed privileged for it was a sight beyond power of words fully to describe.

It was estimated that there were between one and two hundred thousand people in this very small town on Sunday, July 16. The grounds of the Grotto were just a seething mass of humanity, and to reach the Grotto, the *piscines,* the fountains or the *robinets* became often a losing battle. The Pontifical High Mass at ten o'clock in the morning was said outside the Rosary Church and we could hardly get standing room or keep our feet in the tremendous crowd filling the enormous Place before this church.

The Mass at six o'clock in the evening was naturally said at the Grotto—the place, the day, the hour, of the last apparition. Priests and nuns and a certain percent of undaunted laity were in or near the domain, and people thickly lined the ramps and railings above; but the majority of us went to the far side of the Gave and there heard Mass, kneeling on the green grass, with the river between ourselves and the Grotto.

It was a beautiful Mass and there was such reverence, silence and devotion in that vast horde of all kinds, degrees and ages. The music was heavenly, and the Cardinal of Paris gave the sermon which loud speakers carried to all.

In the evening there was the torchlight procession. Those who have been to Lourdes can imagine the beauty of this. The whole Grotto grounds seemed a vast serpent of light, winding and shimmering over ramps and through the long grounds, with the "Ave, Ave, Ave Maria" sung by those thousands of voices making a vast chorus carried heavenward on the night air. When all had finally wound their way about, there was a moment of silence. Then the Credo was intoned, and it was taken up by the great crowd as they stood massed in the Place before the Rosary Church. The church, crypt and basilica were one blaze of light, and as the Credo came to an end fireworks burst forth. We were lighted by lovely colorings in the sky, while the old fort on the hill was brilliant as though besieged, a barrage of smoke enveloping it and lights scintillating in the windows.

This was indeed a day and a night that one who had part in it will not forget, and I was so thankful to be here. It took two or three days for the crowds gradually to go home, and now that Lourdes has its rather usual crowds, and one can walk and move freely, it seems almost empty.

DOROTHY N. DIXON.

THE DREISERS

Kokomo, Ind.

TO the Editor: A Hoosier, I eagerly awaited and read with much pleasure "The Dreisers," by Carmel O'Neill Haley. I am especially pleased that certain incidents in the life of Paul Dresser are substantiated; but I beg to suggest that it appears that the author has had resort to a kind of phonetic spelling in regard to two proper names. We read that Paul was sent to St. Meinerts, Kentucky, a preparatory boarding-school, to fit him for Holy Orders. This should read, St. Meinrad's College and Seminary, Spencer County, Indiana, which institution is still conducted by the Benedictine Fathers in the southern part of Indiana—not Kentucky, therefore.

The Father Ollardine, mentioned, is, in all probability, Father Herman Joseph Alerding, also an alumnus of St. Meinrad's, who in 1900 became the fourth Bishop of the Diocese of Fort Wayne. From 1871 to 1874, Father Alerding was pastor in the little town of Cambridge City, Indiana; and it is quite likely that it was during that period that he befriended Paul Dresser, as related. However, I fear that there is more fancy than fact in the "story" that Father Alerding was so poor at the time, "with scarcely sufficient clothing and no socks for his feet."

And may I add that mentioning "On the Banks of the Wabash," recalls to the writer a pleasant and amusing incident of thirty-five years ago, at St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Indiana, when at a minstrel—Negro, of course!—he sang Paul Dresser's "latest song-hit" which had just "come out." During those days of the "Gay Nineties," we did not know enough to wear black gloves but blackened our hands, along with our faces, with burnt cork, and it was quite a problem to keep from soiling our white duck trousers with our smutty hands.

REV. F. JOS. MUTCH.

A NEW DEAL IN HOUSING

Manhattan, Kans.

TO the Editor: The statement of Father O'Grady in THE COMMONWEAL of July 21, "It is very clear that a fairly large number of the unemployed can never again find work in the cities. Plans must be made for their settlement on subsistence farms," together with the recent announcement that the government under the National Industry Recovery Act will provide $25,000,000 to promote the landward movement from the industrial centers presents a serious problem to the Church in the United States. This is a problem affecting both urban and rural parishes which can be solved only by their united coöperation. If this coöperation is not soon established it will mean a repetition of the immense loss of souls suffered through the north, west and south parts of our country in the past century through failure to direct the immigrant into localities where church facilities are available. It is impossible to compute the extent of this loss, but any pastor in the rural sections of these parts can tell of the large number of Irish or German Catholic ancestry now lost to the Faith, due to these ancestors settling in communities where the priest was unknown.

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A similar movement to the land is taking place today. Government statistics indicate an increase of approximately one million in the farm population in the past year. This increase is partly due to the exodus from the cities to find sustenance on the land. In the Middle West many are going to the Ozark regions of Missouri and Arkansas or to the cut-over timber regions to find small tracts of cheap land. Intent on finding such land they forget to look also for church facilities. Recently I learned of a young couple, unemployed, who with some small savings bought a few acres of land in the Ozarks to establish a home. Having done this, they discovered that the nearest mission church is twenty miles away, an impossible distance when a horse instead of an auto must supply the means of transportation. Another case is that of a Chicago man who with his small capital bought a filling station on a Kansas highway. When Sunday came, he discovered that he was so remote from any parish that there is little possibility of Mass or the sacraments or religious instruction for his family.

The Catholic Rural Life Conference called attention to this serious danger to the Faith of thousands of families and urged the appointment of diocesan rural directors who may direct this city exodus to localities with suitable land and church facilities, but the success of this work depends largely on the coöperation and publicity given by city pastors and lay organizations. Here lies a splendid field for Catholic Action.

REV. A. J. LUCKEY.

THE CHURCH'S SACRED LITURGY

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor: A letter entitled "A Plea for Plainsong" in THE COMMONWEAL for April 12 includes these sentences: "Catholics need badly a thorough education in their own liturgy. . . . Why not stimulate an interest in liturgy?" Moreover, THE COMMONWEAL, sometime ago, carried two articles, written humbly and reverently by Michael Williams, in review of "The Mystical Body of Christ," a book by Abbé Angers and translated by the Reverend John J. Burke, C.S.P.

The Catholic Forum of Pittsburgh had its introduction to the liturgy as a subject for study through the gentle and pious exhortations of the Reverend Michael J. Vitale, of Pittsburgh, and, eager to learn, found other priests happy to be invited to address us on various phases of this truly important subject. Our interest grew, not rapidly, but surely, until now this book which THE COMMONWEAL brought to our attention, lies on our tables together with Carl Adam's "The Spirit of Catholicism," the liturgical monthly, *Orate Fratres,* and the quarterly, *Liturgical Arts*—a proof that we have learned to love what once we did not know, the Church's sacred liturgy. The study club is the most potent medium and method of informing in the liturgy; for many priests reluctantly acknowledge the hopelessness of liturgical instruction as translated from the altar to the pew.

ELIZABETH O'CONNOR,
Secretary, The Catholic Forum.

BOOKS

The Prophet of Communism

Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx, by Sidney Hook. New York: John Day Company. $2.50.

DR. HOOK, professor of philosophy at New York University, has written a very thoughtful book about the man who stands at the head source of modern Communism. Pointing out that Marx himself lived to say, "Je ne suis pas un Marxiste," Dr. Hook endeavors to pierce through the complex of Marxism to the mind of the great Jew revolutionary, to interpret that mind afresh, and to "clarify some of the fundamental problems and issues of Marx's philosophy around which controversy has raged for decades." The central theme of the book is that true Marxism—that of Marx, rather than of Marxians—is not an orthodox set of dogmatic conclusions but a philosophy of revolutionary action.

Throughout the first part of his book, "The Quest for Marx," Dr. Hook seeks to deliver the true Marx from the toils of those disciples who struggled for possession of his intellectual heritage. He detests the very word "orthodoxy," the derivation of which is "notoriously religious." He says this: "Wherever there are people who insist upon calling themselves orthodox, there will be found dogma; and wherever dogma, substitution of a blind faith or a general formula for concrete analysis and specific action. One cannot be orthodox at any price and a lover of truth at the same time." With this basic conviction (Dr. Hook holds this dogma at least), he goes hard at the old German Social Democrats who subjected Marx to an orthodox canonization, from which Lenin rescued him. What the Germans did was to transform Marxism from a theory and practice of social revolution into a science of social development. It became with them a closed deductive system and lost its revolutionary will; the advent of the social revolution became an inevitable event which men had only to await. Like Lutheranism, it became a religion of faith without works.

Part of the blame for this Dr. Hook places upon Marx's collaborator and major interpreter, Engels, who was also partly responsible for a philosophic shift from Marx's "natural activism" to a simplified and mechanical naturalism. Contrary to a widely spread notion, Marx was not a determinist in his thinking on social revolution; the breakdown of capitalism, to be sure, he believed to be inevitable, but the reconstruction of society under Communism depended on the exercise of revolutionary will. "When Marx spoke of Communism as being a result of a 'social necessity,' he was referring to the resultant of a whole social process, one of whose components was the development of objective economic conditions, the other, the assertion of a revolutionary class will." It was because they realized this and stressed the importance of revolutionary party organization for eventual capture of the state that Rosa Luxemburg and Nicolai Lenin, although anathematized as heretics by the German Social Democrats, were the true expounders of Marx.

Part two of this book constitutes a valuable analysis of Marx's philosophy and treats of the much misunderstood

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Marxian dialectic, the materialistic interpretation of history, the class struggle theory, and the Marxian theories of the state and revolution. "What doctrine," asks Dr. Hook, "is essential to Marxism in the sense that it can be used as a touchstone of allegiance to his thought?" The answer is that "it is Marx's theory of the state which distinguishes the true Marxist from the false." That theory, briefly, is that the state arises out of the irreconcilable class antagonisms generated by the social relations of economic production: the state is a coercive power organized and applied by the class in control of the means of production to defend its dominant position. In a classless society, therefore, the state is no longer needed and hence withers away.

Government, which Marx sharply distinguished from the state as being mere administrative machinery for controlling and furthering economic activity, to be sure, is not to wither away; but the coercive power for defense of the new economic and social order is gradually to be discarded as human nature and social behavior are molded to Communistic life. The immediate aim of proletarian revolutionaries, so Marx (and the Bolsheviks) held, is to conquer political power, set up the workers' state (the dictatorship of the proletariat) in place of the bourgeois state (the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie), and utilize that instrument for establishing the classless society. The proletarian state will thus destroy itself in the very act of realizing its aim. Marx developed his theory of the state from reading history and especially from noting the behavior of nineteenth-century states, particularly the Prussian state; and it is worth remembering that he came to it after having held Hegel's doctrine of the state.

Now Dr. Hook, who is constantly defending as well as elucidating Marxism, subjects this theory of the state to certain tests and evidently finds it a valid theory; but he does not select any tests which might explode it. Here, indeed, it seems to the reviewer, is one of the major defects in Marx's thought. The state has only become an instrument of class oppression when some class has taken possession of it, as for example in England after 1689 or France under the July Monarchy. But there have been times when the state stood as an independent thing, governing all classes and subservient to none. It is impossible to reconcile Italian Fascism, or German Hitlerism, or the recent American revolution under Roosevelt with a theory that the state by its very nature is an instrument of oppression wielded by those who own and control the means of economic production.

On the whole, this study by Dr. Hook is ably done, although some passages may offer difficulty to minds unused to the recondite language of professors of philosophy. Marx is vindicated here from the charge of being a mere utilitarian holding a mechanical and rigid conception of human nature, and shown as an optimistic humanist. He was the most powerful and the most important Jewish thinker since Spinoza, and no thoughtful Catholic will read this study of him without realizing how necessary it is for some modern Aquinas to master him as Saint Thomas mastered Aristotle.

Ross J. S. Hoffman.

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The Myth of Villa

Viva Villa, by Edgcumb Pinchon. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.25.

THIS is a splendid evocation of the Pancho Villa legend. Mr. Pinchon has much more than a mere aptitude for relating heroic deeds, splendid victories and well-merited acts of revenge. He can re-create the very spirit of those bare tawny mountains in the north of Mexico where Villa used to hide. Bandit or patriot? For Mr. Pinchon he lives as a sort of two-gun saviour of his people, redressing the wrongs of the poor by swift punishment on the rich, cheated out of his proper power as President by crafty *politicos*. With an almost amorous regard for the traditions which linger at the firesides of the ranchers of the sierras, the author attempts to restore the figure of a magnanimous Chihuahuan Robin Hood.

But he is restored only for those who like their romance unadulterated with the sobering judgment of history. Although he means it in but one sense, Mr. Pinchon's sobriquet of "The Puma of the Sierras" has a sinister accuracy. For, so far as the evidence goes, that was just about all Pancho Villa was. There are too many stories about Villa's tyranny over the poor and unprotected to justify comparing him with the chivalrous robber of Nottingham forest and it is difficult to deny the accounts of his revolting cruelties. It is quite well established now that Pancho delighted in pulling Chinamen apart with horses and his lieutenant Fierro well earned the nickname of "The Butcher."

There is no evidence to support Mr. Pinchon's view that Americans interested in intervention were responsible for the Columbus massacre. History will place the onus on Villa as commander of his forces not only for this crime but also for the killing of eighteen American engineers at Santa Ysabel. Moreover, Villa's senseless régime proves that he had nothing constructive to offer.

There are other more discerning Boswells of Pancho Villa. Rafael Munoz manages to be both admiring and critical in "Vamonos con Pancho Villa"; Martin Luis Guzman has written a fine psychological interpretation in "The Eagle and the Serpent"; and it is fitting that the American Louis Stevens should depict as a bad "hombre" this man who has a greater mythology of violent deeds than any other on this continent save Al Capone. But in spite of these versions, the legend of a beneficent Don Pancho is imperishable; it will live for those romantic Americans who like "Viva Villa" as well as for the story-telling peons of the broad *llanos*.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN.

Summation for Psychologists

The New Psychologies, by Rudolf Allers, M.D. Essays in Order, Number 9. New York: Sheed and Ward. $1.00.

VIENNESE medical doctors whose names are known in psychology are not all Freuds. The author of this little book has already established a reputation for sane thinking on modern psychological questions through his

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excellent study on "The Psychology of Character." In the present essay he gives a critical estimate of psychoanalysis and individual psychology, concluding his study with some brilliant pages on the new psychologies and the old faith.

The book was written in English by the author himself. In style and diction it would reflect credit on the best of our psychological essayists. From beginning to end it is an interesting and enlightening work. Even the footnotes scintillate. For instance: "[Actions are] the principal, but not, perhaps the only way [to approach to a knowledge of a person]. Though it is 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' and though we judge our neighbors according to their deeds, there is probably another way—a certain intuitive understanding, by which we look, as it were, beneath the surface, perceiving behind the actual behavior the real and better self. If such an intuition were impossible, we could never hope to educate or reform anyone."

Dr. Allers gets beneath the surface of Freudian psychoanalysis where he finds five fundamental presuppositions or axioms "which are absolutely indispensable to psychoanalysis, and Freud's theory would fall to pieces if even one of them were omitted." An examination of these five axioms reveals a striking inconsistency at the very basis of the theory and also stamps psychoanalysis as "the offspring of a purely materialistic interpretation of life."

Adler's individual psychology discloses a basic utilitarianism, which is ethically restrictive, as well as "a certain incapacity for clear philosophical thought" that prevents inquiry into the ontological basis of "society" and the relation of the "individual" to this broader totality. However, Allers is more hopeful of the possibility of correcting the limitation of Adler than he is of reconciling the contradictions of Freud.

The final section of this essay is exceedingly interesting. The statement is made that "the latest developments of psychology tend toward the acknowledgment of the soul as an existing substance. This tendency is to be observed in theoretical as well as in experimental or medical psychology." The brevity of this present essay naturally precludes any but general indications of this tendency. The author's "Psychology of Character" contains a more detailed study of such developments in one branch of psychology—characterology. Dr. Allers might perhaps be prevailed upon to develop at greater length this apostasy from the long-standing dogma of "psychology-without-a-soul."

Of course Husserl's opinions are open to a variety of interpretations; but in view of the fact that Husserl himself declared, just last year, that those who see in his philosophy a system of realism, misunderstand him, there is room to doubt whether Dr. Allers should have included his name among the group of realists mentioned on page fifty. It is also a question of whether Saint Augustine's *Ergo sum si fallor* can be called a "starting-point" in any sense equivalent to Descartes's *Cogito ergo sum*. Yet these are incidental points and I almost feel guilty of carping for mentioning them.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

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Briefer Mention

Emilie d'Outremont, Foundress of the Society of Mary Reparatrix, and Her Two Daughters. Anonymous. London: The Manresa Press. $2.25.

"MARY has chosen the better part which shall not be taken away from her," was the text which inspired the foundress of the Society of Mary Reparatrix whose cloistered members watch before the Blessed Sacrament in adoration as a reparation, principally, for the neglect and insults rendered to Our Lord in His sacramental form, and who also give retreats for women. The father of the foundress, it was, who made possible the Jesuits' first college at Namur. In 1854 on the day Our Lady was declared Immaculate, the foundress formed the plan for the institute, and in Strasburg in 1856 she established the first community. She was the mother of four children at this time and her situation presented grave problems of adjustment to reconcile her vocation with her natural affections and duties as a mother. The vocations of her two daughters are poignant chapters of spiritual biography. Altogether this is a beautiful and inspiring story. The order's retreat houses are familiar to many thousand women. The society at present counts about sixty houses, established in most of the countries of Europe, as well as in America, Africa and the East. While the book is made in England, it can be secured from any Catholic publisher or direct from either of the convents, at 14 East 29th Street, New York City, or 17330 Quincy Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

My California, by Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.00.

THIS little book may be enjoyed by anyone, everyone old enough to appreciate beauty both of subject and of writing. It is a refreshing spring of likes rather than dislikes—something for which our present-day literature pretty well starves us. It is an identification of fine, enduring, positive, life-giving elements in our native land and its people. Americans, whether from Florida or New England or the middle of the continent, may well be proud of, and they should by all means read, this charming, perfect paean. It celebrates not only California but the whole continent and illumines marvellously vistas of the years, of homes and of brave and gentle human aspirations.

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